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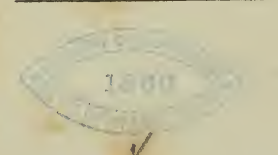
LA DÉESSE,

AN

ELSSLER-ATIC ROMANCE.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "STRAWS."



NEW-YORK:

CARVILL & CO., 108 BROADWAY.

1841.

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CARVILL & Co.,
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J. VAN NORDEN & Co., Printers,
No. 27 Pine-street.

LA DÉESSE.

Give me a lyre with golden wings,
That with the tone of Eden rings,
That lends the raised spirit wings
To soar among celestial things!
And borne upon its tones away
Enraptured, lost, just as I may;
The angel choirs shall stop and say—
Each chanting Peri, choral Fay—
" Did ever mortal fingers play,
Or soul expand with such a lay!
Stranger! Good day!"

Give me—oh give at any rate
A sheet of *gilt edg'd paper* straight!
Fancy! a little moment wait—
Don't whirl in such a fever'd state,
Thus *pirouetting* in my pate.
One instant!—so—away debate—
The paper!—Now for something great!

La danse ! divine ! ah ! vive la danse—
  Hang it, a thousand thoughts at once
  Are whirling, twirling through my sconce !
One at a time advance ; advance,
Ye witching nothings fresh from France ;
One at a time, from each I'll snatch
Tints that Aurora shall not match ;
Warmth that shall make a tropic bower,
A glorious scene of fruit and flower,
  In ev'ry barren breast around me ;
Words that with poesy's own power
Shall bid the empyrean shower
Down rays of glory by the hour,
  Confound me !

La danse ! No more of music talk,
Through lyrics stray, or epics stalk ;
Painting, deserted be thy walk,
Sculpture, no longer coldly balk
The touch—ye cannot *toe the chalk !*
But thou ! O art with life-blood warm !
Combining each quintescent charm,
Thou breathing marble, bright with all
The tints of pencils magical ;
Whose motion murmurs poetry
In undulating melody ;
Thou spell entrancing, tempting on ;
Thou many muses merged in one ;
Thy reign among us has begun ;
And let the heathen rascal run,
As one too lost to look upon,

Who won't do just as we have done—
Go in for fun!

Within this varied western clime,
Of summer or of winter time,
According as the air is woo'd
In any chosen latitude—
Within this glowing, glorious land!
Where ev'ry thing is great and grand,
Happy, harmonious, and free,
Rejoicing in democracy!
The "States" of course I mean, "the States,"
Sole Eden this side heaven's gates!
Convenient to a certain highland
Call'd "Neversink," and nigh an Island
Not very famous yet in song,
Yet famous too, and known as "Long,"
There spreads a low enchanted bar,
  Where pilgrim eyes delight to look,
There mermaids and a light-house are—
  The "Hook!"

The Hook! the ocean waters bound it,
  And ah! 'tis full of witchery,
Seen from your bark, when coming round it,
  With moonlight on the moved sea.
It shines as every grain of sand
  Were starry atoms sleeping there;
  The light-house, a huge guardian were
Of the enchanted strand!

And fairy sails are skimming by,
  And sometimes music softly floats
Upon the air—for frequently
  They *sing out* from the pilot boats;
And, soften'd by some half a mile,
  "Sam Jones" becomes a pleasing strain;*
His "solemn oath" begets a smile,
  And ears are lent to list again.
"Sam Jones" the legend to this day
Is chanted upon shore and bay;
And oh! how sweet the memory
Of boyish days, when carelessly
We stole away from home and rule,
Played "hooky," and deserted school,
To wander, fancy, fetter free,
Among Pomona's treasures, there—
(Heaven, smiling, pass'd the registry—)
To snatch a peach, perhaps a *pair!*
And then, not lonely either, no,
  But with some loved companion ever,
Among the fishing smacks to go
  With bait and hook, a vain endeavour!
List'ning the while to voices, which
  E'er spoil'd, alas, sophisticated,
We thought of quite as sweet a pitch
  As Braham's, he whom hear we late did.

---

* "It was Sam Jones, the Fisherman,
  Was bound to Sandy Hook;
But first, upon an almanac
  A solemn oath he took," &c. *Old Parody.*

Their strain, the same we mentioned now,
  Speaking of distance-soften'd tones;
He of the "almanac" and "vow,"
  The "Fisherman Sam Jones!"

The Hook! confound all early lays—
Recalling them, one's fancy strays
Strangely from these less tuneful days.
But, as I've said before, the Hook,
  Upon a lovely night in May,
Reposing, wears its sweetest look
  Beneath the moon's bewitching ray;
And one who roams upon its sand—
  (I know not if one *does* or not—)
Scanning the lines of sea and land,
Neversink's promontory grand,
  And light-houses, brave beacon spot—
I say, one wandering along
  'Neath such a sky, at such an hour,
The airs of May and ocean's song,
  To lull him with their gentle pow'r;
'Bove all, if fond of telling stars
  Some hope kept close from mortal ear,
  Or if—a likelier case I fear,
Prone to cigars!
In either case, that lonely one
  Surely feels anything but lonely!
For, poet, he through worlds has run;
  And if the light-house keeper only,
A thousand thoughts of storm and death
  Contrasting with so mild a time,
Has fill'd his head, spite of his teeth,
  With thoughts of the sublime!

Ah! gaze afar, upon the deep,
  Where sea and sky in silver meet;
A stilly, yet a radiant sleep,
  As of reposing angels sweet!
All, all is one wide flood of light,
Or sea, or air! the baffled sight—
And surely it may be forgiven—
Confounds the brighten'd earth with heaven!

Gaze ye with a bewilder'd eye!
  Seemeth it not a revelation
Of that far, glorious land on high,
  Which saints behold in meditation?
And look! there is a something there—
An object—is't of earth or air!
'Tis shining, but or bird or boat,
Whether designed to fly or float,
Seems just about an equal guess;
Distant, uncertain, bright no less;
And on it comes—what can it be?
  As we have said, the night is calm!
Such airs as live, come fanningly
  From *off* the land, in sighs of balm!
There is a groundswell of the sea,
  Perhaps enough to raise a qualm
Of stomach in some Gothamite,
  For the first time upon the "salt,"
But nought to aid a vessel's flight—
  What can it be?—We are at fault.
A quarter of an hour or so—
  Lord! what have we been dreaming of!

The bright illusion's fled, and lo!
  It is a steamer that doth move,
  Reflecting the fair light above,
        The land unto!

In early times, the fashion 'twas
  When nymphs and goddesses went floating—
(An awkward kind of taste, that's poz,
  But time has much improved their boating,)
The fashion 'twas, in ocean shells,
  And cars of an outlandish make,
To travel o'er the ocean swells,
  Tritons and dolphins in their wake!
A barbarous display in fact,
  Celestial aborigines;
But modern decencies, exact
  Observance e'en from deities—
No more in "beauty unadorn'd,"
By sea or shore, decorum scorn'd,
They sport devoid of gown or shawl,
A gauze etherial serving all!
They travel with a wardrobe now,
Bandboxes, leather trunks, I vow!
  And mortal-like, content they seem;—
Abandon'd is the fairy prow
        For steam!

*   *   *   *   *

There is a crowd upon the deck—
Enthusiasm naught can check—
For *La Déesse!* is *she* not there!
Thrice beautiful in Freedom's air;

Gazing upon the shining strand
Of that far, long imagin'd land ;
And dreaming of the coming day,
Which shall reveal to her *Broadway*,
Niblo's, the *Park*, and *Battery !*
Painted to her so vividly,
In proper colourings of praise,
Each hour of the last sixteen days !
She stands ! divine one ! Once upon
  A time, when we were young and foolish,
Into a rapture we had run ;
  And now, although our blood is coolish,
We feel its current quickening,
The heart's remains of warmth to bring
  Alike unto our brain and fingers ;
Young love, reviving, shakes his wing,
Just saved from freezing—silly thing,
Dreaming beside an ice-bound spring
    To ever linger.

She stands ! her form, alas, is hid ;
  A crimson mantle, o'er her shoulders,
Approach of night-damp doth forbid ;
  Leaving her face, though, to beholders.
Her face—and, heav'ns ! such a face !
  Description, did it e'er begin with
Features of such a witching grace !
Did Byron, any of his race,
A lovlier dream in any case
  E'er take his *gin* with ?

Her eyes!—but we are bother'd too;
For whether hazle, black, or blue,
By moonlight it is hard to tell;
But whatsoe'er may be their hue,
Their magic, all can feel too well:
So large, so luminously bright,
Yet with a tender, tranquil light;
There's pleasure, too, within their gaze,
For, heavens! sees she not the golden—
The greatest land in modern days
By *stars* beholden!

Her nose! a Grecian, just about
The thing a nose celestial should be!
And then the lips! we are in doubt
If nearer to the mark they could be;
Not very full, no small confession,
But rounder, lesser for expression
They would be.
Her mouth! her teeth! too wide the first,
If dazzling pearls were not the second;
And *they* too many, but who durst,
Passing such lips, her teeth have reckon'd!
Just such a mouth, as not a soul
Would wish to alter on the whole;
And whence, a spell beyond control,
To heaven beckon'd!
Her chin! ah dimples! and her neck!—
But, as we've said, we here must drop it;
Her mantle throws it's envious check
Round all the rest, and so we stop it.

But ah! when the returning sun,
Most pleased her form to beam upon,
Shall rise, and all below shall say
That "*La Déesse* is in the bay;"
While Gotham shall be emptied half,
Warned of it by the *telegraph;*
Ah! then, among the thousands who
  In extasy shall seek her eyes,
We'll get a good peep at her too—
  Till then, be still'd our rhapsodies.

* * * * *

She's come! there's music in the air!
  And fairy voices, whisp'ring, tell
That one as lightsome and as fair,
  Is safely lodged in her hotel!
But ah! if air's delighted race
Said not a word about the place,
  The stranger of an hour would know it;
For ev'ry mortal eye and face
Is lighted with a tell-tale grace,
And tongues, discoursing of the case,
  Lord! how they go it.
She's come! It is not known as yet,
  When, like the blue in April breaking
Through cloud and vapour densely met—
  Or like the morn at sea awaking—
Her radiant presence, bursting o'er
  A scene but lately cold and drear,
Shall chase each cloudy look it wore,
  And get up a small heav'n here!

It is not known, yet in advance,
 Boxes and seats they are demanding;
A day, an hour, and not a chance
 Will be for spots to even stand in!
And Fashion, from her silken couch,
 Where listless she has been reclining,
With Europe's voice of praise to vouch
 The graces now in Gotham shining;
Why Fashion, roused, with eagerness,
Comes from her guarded, far recess,
To lead the crowd—furor—enragement—
And boxes take for the engagement!

A suit of rooms has *La Déesse*,
 Expensive, and of course the choicest;
Embellished with that happiness
 Of taste which round her still rejoicest;
And there, reclining by the hour,
 Which never comes to chase a smile,
The queen of grace, in thronged bow'r,
 Lisps broken English all the while!
But oh! it is not syllables
 Or sentences we care a curse for,
The tone, the music with us dwells,
 And that alone we write our verse for:
'Tis ringing through our bosom's cells,
Like the sweet call of spirit bells!
And then that smile! its winning spells
 We're something worse for.

We have been introduced! Ah me!
 How many for that bliss are dying;

Through Gotham, deeply, fervently,
  One warm impassioned wish is sighing;
In Wall-street groups are gather'd, but
  The talk is not of "stocks," "exchanges,"
Sub-treasurers, or bank doors shut—
  The news more pleasing far, and strange is.
And there is one, behold him! he
  Of attitude and voice oracular,
One mark'd out for celebrity—
  Who fame acquired with his vernacular!
In childish years, the Ganymede
  Of *Charruaud's* cotillion parties;
And then the stylish clerk indeed,
  To beat his "Boss" whose chiefest art is:
And next, his own gilt "sign" behold,
"Uncurrent money bought and sold:"
Versed, on the *town* to make a show,
And go ahead as others go:
A speaker at Whig meetings now,
  One of the "Vigilance Committee,"
Bent upon glory any how—
  His name is pasted round the city;
Or soaring higher at renown,
  With other souls ambition lit;
Arranging for the gaping town
  A fashionable "Benefit!"
But better, higher, nobler far,
In the bright panoply of war
Behold the hero—born indeed
  Of glory's crowning cup to quaff—
Parading on his foaming steed,
  A Broadway *General* and *staff!*

What more? Can one thus great, be greater?
The stock—the "Harlem" speculator!
Successful, famous, followed, trusted,
As suddenly—among the *busted!*

It is a mortifying thing
  This business of *compromising!*
Yet he, the load of suffering
  Bears with a fortitude surprising:
Returned from Europe, just, a trip,
  To aid his grief and health intended;
In things of taste 'twas his to dip,
  Try pleasure too, he now and then did;
Had breakfasted with Malibran!
  La Blache, Rubini, Tamburini;
And, as he hinted, at Milan
  Had taken lessons from Rossini!
At Paris sup'd with *La Déesse,*
And bought a fiddle,—only guess—
  From Paganini!
Behold him! happy, happy man!
Not envy him, refrain who can?
Why hath he not this very day
With *La Déesse* driv'n through Broadway!
Is he not privileged to call,
And *doesn't* he *speak French* and all!
A nod from him is fashion, fame,
  A cut from him would be destruction;
Each creditor would pass his claim
  Paid threefold by an introduction!
The clock has struck, we mean St. Paul's—
And hark! there goes the City-Hall's;

'Tis noon, a sunny noon in May,
The park is cloth'd in early green,
While beauty, floating through Broadway,
In dyes of ev'ry shade is seen!
Upon the lofty steps, behold,
Of the "American," or "Astor,"
Groups of the gallant and the bold—
Mustached and strapp'd, of fashion's mould;
Their glances after beauty cast, or
As often turned themselves to view,
A set of precious beauties too,
From boot to castor!
The '*Busses* roll by dozens by,
The cabs, and hacks, half crazy, rattle;
The private carriage solemnly
Glides on in dignity of cattle;
From Dr. Scudder's opposite,
Six stories high, of marble white,
Fill'd to the roof with wonders quite,
Musicians with their strains invite
The Gothamites of all religions,
Alike to the "*Infernal Regions!*"
And further on, in old "Park row,"
On "Drury's" step is Simpson standing,
As with Placide he used to do,
E'er "Pompolino" said adieu;
And Peter Ritchings, six feet two
In stockings standing!
And there is the "Brick Meeting" spire,
Than Peter perhaps something higher,
But less commanding!

The City-Hall, too, loftily,
Above the trees is soaring ; see !
A glow upon its marble face,
Gives it a sort of modest grace,
As though it blush'd for its inferior
And unillumin'd *brown* posterior !
While Justice, perched high in air,
  And smiling in the pleasant ray,
Seems just as light of conscience there,
  As if it were not " sentence day."

'Tis noon, and ev'ry thing is light
  And life, as we have been describing ;
Each heart is free, and eye is bright,
  For promised bliss all are imbibing !
Behold the crowds, the smiling bands,
  Reading old Drury's " poster " yonder ;
No gazer, sure, but understands
  Their silent rapture, pride and wonder !
" The manager respectfully—"
  Et cetera—the rest we guess.
Three days ! 'tis an eternity ;
How counted will each moment be,
How often breathed in rhapsody
  The name of *La Déesse!*

And now, within her parlour, see—
  We have described it heretofore—
Amid the circle sitteth she,
  Of those permitted to adore :

And there are beards and whiskers there,
In brave luxuriance of hair;
Mustaches too, and yellow kids,
  And neckcloths of the purest tie;
Coats! but our admiration bids
  Pause, e'er we touch a theme so high!
Collars so delicately small,
  And shoulders padded out so nicely;
Reduced waist, full breast and all,
And skirts of broad and ample fall,
  The thing precisely!
And then such pants! alas, though we
Are singing of divinity,
A deeper inspiration still
Must through our raised fancy thrill.
E'er aught so sacred, so divine,
  So sublimated in the *cut*,
So all transcending, so *dem'd fine*,
  In verse we put!
Mustaches, kids and pants! and there—
  Ah me! yes there are roses too,
Giving their tribute to the air,
  As the cologne they would outdo!
May roses, and sweet violets,
  Devout profusion of *bouquets;*
For ah, what devotee forgets
  To deck the shrine at which he prays.
And thou, renown'd *Grant Thorburn!* thou
Art gathering a fortune now;
"Florist and Seedsman," gentle trade!
Would fortunes thus were only made;

No turmoil, peril, pain, and care,
  Ambition with wild mischief blent;
And would, for beauty, fortunes were
  Thus only innocently spent!
Music! yes there is music too—
A soft low voice that ringeth through
The chambers of each bosom there,
And leaves sweet echoes in the air—
A gentle voice, that kindly to
  Some polite question still replying,
Charms with a tone and accent new,
  Language outvieing!

"Mr. Augustus Muffins"—ah!
  Delightful, enter Mr. M.,
The all observed, although his *pa*
  Bak'd "fancy bread" of old—ahem!
But democratic to the last,
Away with pedigree and caste;
Scorn, as a thing for scorn, we see
Flying the presence of the free.
The elder Muffins! Who shall dare
Insult the father in the heir!
His "rusk," his "jumbles" famous were;
  He left an hundred thousand dollars!
Who is there shall contempt declare
  For "krollers!"
Respected Muffins! faithfully
The city guards thy memory;
And "fancy bread" hath dignity
  In eyes, perhaps, of all—save one,—
      Thy Son!

"Mr. Sempronius Blather !"—How !
Return'd from Washington ?—Well now !
A leading man ! a speaker, sir !
His presence ever makes a stir ;
The "party" couldn't work without him !
Then he's so boldly honest too,
Our country the sole aim in view,
'Twould be ridiculous to doubt him.
"Systems are rotten to the core !—
Corruption !—falsehood !—poisons rank!—
The ship of state, amid the roar
Of tempest, drives on frightful shore ;
Crash ! Freedom, there's but one chance more—
Secure a plank !
Wreck—ruin—horror—drowning—death—"
It's plain that Blather is a speaker ;
A man of earnest zeal and—breath,
Not a mere spouting office-seeker !
He's just return'd from Washington :
Heav'n bless me ! what's the matter, Blather ?
The ship is sav'd ! the port is won !
But still you look unthankful, rather ;
Thy eloquence hath sav'd the state,
Thy breath repell'd the storm of fate,
The foremost of the threaten'd crew ;
Is land a more appalling view !
Unprincipled—ungrateful set !
Once more, wreck, ruin, and disjointment ;
They have refused him—vengeance yet—
An *unsolicited* appointment.

Another call—and, bless me ! one
Not of the ordinary run ;
A brighter cheek, a sweeter smile,
  A welcome breath'd in softer tone ;
An envious silence, held the while
  By those who wish each glance their own ;
A slight appearance of the sense
  Of pow'r a favour to confer—
Of habitude of deference
  Receiv'd from all, and e'en from HER !
All speak in thrilling whispers to
  That "walk'd over" assemblage, that
A man to whom one can't say "Booh !"
  Puts down his hat.
Who is he ? why he takes her hand !
  Heav'n bless my soul, he even shakes it !
The *usual* shake we understand,
  But this ain't that, and none mistakes it.
And still he holds it—really !—well !—
  While with his left he draws a chair ;
And now, beside her, whispers tell
  Something for which she seems to care
More than the fashionable chat,
So *dem'd* selected, fine, and flat.
Dem it, he isn't handsome ! no,
  And what a *dem'd* cravat and tie !
Not a *demnition* whisker to
  Tickle the dear so *demnibly !*
And then the *dem'dest* coat ! the Lord
  Knows only who his tailor is ;
  And *dem'der* trowsers !—curse his phiz,
He's sticking his *dem'd* nose abhor'd

Into her ear again, and half
Inclines the gentle thing to laugh.
Demnition! cut completely out!
And some take up their hats to go;
The rest would follow without doubt,
But something more they fain would know.
Who *is he? dem* it, *La Dèesse*
Lacks, can we say it, *politesse;*
He surely can't a lover be,
Though favour'd thus decidedly,
Yet hath he rous'd a jealousy—
Such freedoms with a thing divine!
The Lady-killers, plainly see
That they *can't shine.*
And one by one, and two by two,
They rise, they look, they say adieu;
Mr. Augustus Muffins, you
Look crusty, but it will not do.
And, Blather, thou, ambition cross'd—
Neither post-master nor collector—
The smile of beauty, too, engross'd,
Go hector;
The anxious time around thee gather,
Cry ruin unto son and father—
Blather!
And pleased smile, and sparkling glance,
The latest witchery from France;
And broken English, syllables
Tack'd sweetly their wrong ends together;
A faëry grace, such as impels
A man, somehow, he knows not whither;

All, all are thine, thou favour'd one,
  And brightly, lightly are they lavished—
Heavens! my pen half mad hath run—
  Ravish'd!
Beauty! when is't most beauteous—eh?
  Some say, when shrinking from the sight
It timidly would fly away,
  Yet by its longings held from flight;
But 'tis not so—it is not so—
  Religion, though none else believes it;
Most beauteous, radiant is its glow,
  When, having bliss to give, it gives it!
And *la Déesse!* She smiles away,
A bliss in ev'ry dimple's play;
And is *he* not transported all—
Turn'd topsy-turvy—held in thrall?
Lord bless me—no! He coolly takes
His hat, and now again he shakes
Her hand, concluding with a squeeze
Should lightning send from heart to knees;
And now a moment's pause, and now,
  Pressing again those fingers taper,
And, with protection in his bow,
  Something he says about his "*paper!*"
An editor! Déesse, divine,
With reason do thy glances shine;
Connected with the daily press!
Smile, smile upon him bright Déesse;
A fitting tribute—and she does—
Her eyes grow brighter as he goes;

They seem to say "you wont refuse me—"
Sweet trust upon her visage glows,
"He wont *abuse* me!"
* * * * * * *

Three hours—it lacks three hours of dark—
What murmur rises on the air—
The sound of many voices—hark!
And from the Astor steps, look there!
That crowd investing the old "Park,"
As if half mad they were!
And Blake has had a busy time,
The "first tier" gone, the boxes private;
The "second," "*third*," yet rings the chime
Most welcome—"places" still they strive at.
And now the rosy day descends—
The Jersey flats, the bay, and islands
Are bathed in the rich light it lends;
Weehawken too, and Brooklyn highlands;
And, lingering, thy lofty spire
And ball, St. Pauls, are wreathed in fire—
The longing glances of the sun,
That thence, "Old Drury" look upon!
But, *La Déesse*, thy hour is night,
By magic made than day more bright;
Go, lagging beams, the struggle vain,
Resplendent gas usurps thy reign.

Too eager fool! we find ourselves
Scrouged in a corner of the pit;
While carried out by tens and twelves,
The fainting fair the boxes quit.

The overture!—oh, agony
 Of pressure and of expectation;
Hats off—sit down—get up—dear me!
 Toes—elbows—struggle—suffocation;
The orchestra's invaded, and
 The stage behold them now a cramming:
While, louder than the music band,
 Is heard remonstrance, prayer and d——g!
But what is this which stills the roar,
Which bids the groaning groan no more;
Which, like an angel's glance below
Into the murky pits of wo,
Bids sound of sin and blasphemy
 Subside into an anxious hope,
That one so rare and heavenly
 Hath come, the fatal gates to ope!
What is it? La Déesse! 'tis she!
 As ne'er before, she smileth now,
An angel promise certainly,
 And she hath still'd the row!
An airy, fairy winged thing!
With drapery, untaught to fling
 A veil o'er aught so bright, so fair;
A film, made of imagining,
 She seems to wear!
As faintly floating round the moon,
By poet seen at starry noon,
A silv'ry mist, a shifting sheen,
Frenzy and love each change between,
 Is seen!
In mazy beauty only clad,
She moves—we're mad!

" *Let there be light!*" dear Goddess, we,
It may be thought, go on profanely;
Yet, full of a divinity,
Why, inspiration speaketh plainly.
And, plainly, e'en as at the word,
Transcending day through chaos shone;
The pulse of nature sweetly stir'd,
And beauty made each sphere its own:
So, through this dusky, drowsy spot,
Thy advent, ne'er to be forgot,
Was e'en as a divine command,
To stir the lowly, and the grand;
To light an altar of devotion
In ev'ry breast, or old, or young:
While through the soul these echoes rung,
" Let there be *motion!*"
Motion! ah, light, and life, and love,
Are lovely, and adorning all;
But motion, thou art far above
All else which heavenly we call!
Thou'rt even the Almighty breath
Which through the void eternal thrill'd,
When " Light" awaken'd all beneath,
And earth with smiles was fill'd!
Motion! harmonious, divine—
Déesse! heed not the smile of pride,
Because this brain is weak of mine—
But, as of old, they deified
Each natural beauty which they felt,
And to its chosen symbol knelt;
So we, become as pagans too,
Are down upon our knees to you,

As one personifying all
That motion hath of magical!
For now, the spheric harmony
  No longer do we idly dream of;
The heavenly machinery,
  In truth, a part you seem of;
We doubly feel the beauty of
  The countless systems rolling round;
And, watching yon bright star above,
  Its music we have even found!
The waving flow'r, the bending wood,
  Owning the gentle breezes' sway,
And all that heaven pronounced "good,"
  Hath added charms, since that fair day,
Or rather night, whereon you danced,
And heart, and soul, and sense entranced.

"Hell-Gate!" ye shudder, do ye not—
With trembling hear us name the spot?
From the bright realm of sylph and fairy,
A cursed change to aught so dreary:
Calm ye—do not alarm yourselves—
Our devils shall be sportive elves:
A fearful place at times, no doubt,
But peaceful now,—the tide is "out."
And moonlight, moonlight—purely down
  An ambient flood all falleth o'er;
River, or rock, or gray, or brown,
  Or grassy shore.

Tranquillity, the hour is thine ;
There's scarce a ripple, nought around
To break the spell, the " frenzy fine,"
From " Blackwell's Island" to the " Sound."
No monster steamer rushes through,
Or "regular," or " opposition ;"
There is a sloop, a schooner too,
But stealthily unto the view,
The nightwind timidly they woo,
No self volition.
Within the Penitentiary,
In dream, serv'd out their " time," and free ;
Through former haunts the culprits roam,
Unchasten'd by their island home,
The months of " blasting," and of " digging ;"
Unmindful of what's sure to come
Of " prigging."
Without, on watchtow'r and on wall,
The sentry's step is heard to fall ;
And now 'tis hush'd, and through the haze
Of pearly light, he bends his gaze
Upon some object floating by—
Something—that's something like a head—
Or something else—deceived his eye ;
And hark ! again his tread.
Yonder, on the "Manhattan" side,
Something less doubtful skims the tide :
A barge, pavilion'd, gilded, bright
Within, without, with varied light ;
And on it comes with lusty oar,
Illumining the stream and shore ;

While mirth and music in delight,
  Unto the conscious stars are telling,
That there's to be a *fête* to-night,
  Given at the Slims' country dwelling!
A *fête champêtre!* all the world,
  The whole world up from town's to be there;
And some by coaches out are whirl'd,
  And some by boat, there 's one you see there;
A *fête champêtre*—by the Slims!
  The town-talk it has been for days;
And for a month to come, in hymns
  Of rapture, shall we hear its praise!
Enchantment, on the river's strand,
Welcomes you to a fairy land;
The grounds, almost a sunny scene;
  No thought of night or river damps;
Bowers of beauty—sports between—
In radiance lit, blue, red, and green—
  All Niblo's lamps!
The magic land Aladin found,
As we remember, under ground—
  The gem-fruits on the golden trees
Less gloriously gleam'd around
    Than these!
And that fair mansion; Mr. Slims
  Had put it up in "'36:"
A man superior to the whims
  Of fashion and its costly tricks;
But, having ridden on the flood
To fortune, why, as others should,

As we ourselves would—if we could,
He built at "Hell-Gate," not of wood,
But bricks.
"Stucco'd," its colums since have shone
Loftily in the eastern sun;
Model, the famous Parthenon,
Minerva's seat, and—Mr. Slims'!
Of all the *temples* round, not one
But it bedims!

The guests, the happy guests are come;
All the "F. F.'s" have been invited;
(Not understood, perhaps, by some?
"First families" ye dull, benighted.)
Five hundred invitations, and
Oh happiness! oh, triumph rare!
SHE! La Déesse—enraptured band—
Consents to be among them there!
Hearts beat as though they were afar
Unto a brighter orb translated;
Star treading, gazing on the *star*,
Their brains are lost, intoxicated;
While all the ladies, compliment
Poetically paid to *her;*
En costume—upon pleasing bent,
The *Déesse* petticoat prefer!
The "Déesse sandal" "Déesse hose"—
The "Déesse garter"—"bracelet"—"zone"—
Sweet hope, by painting like the rose,
To make its perfume too their own.

J. Courtnaye Snevles! the *pavé*
For years he hath adorned well;
Of thy "five shilling side," Broadway,
Each flag-stone can his footsteps tell.
J. Courtnaye—the initial J.
Standeth for John, and some might sign
Plain John C. Snevles, not so he;
J. Courtnaye—makes a dashing line,
While John sounds rather snobbishly;
Besides the flow'rs of poetry
Hath it not his been to entwine—
Within the MIRROR's self to shine
D—d fine?
"Lines by J. Courtnaye Snevles," yes!
Touching, oh, plaintive M., no less
Than thine!

J. Courtnaye Snevles! fashion and
The muse, behold, combined in him
With person, six feet does he stand—
The *statuesque* of breast and limb!
And rich, and courted—all has he;
E'en beauty, formed to wooing wait,
A pleader has been known to be,
While his is still the "single state."
J. Courtnaye, though, thy time is come!
The lion in the toils, at length,
Contemplates placidly his doom,
Nor seeks to use his strength.
Déesse, it is to thee he bows,
For thee the airs receive his vows;

He saw thee, and his captive heart
Bade freedom, with a smile, depart.
His was the first bright wreath that fell
  To crown thee on that fateful night,
When first 'twas ours to view—to tell
  Of thee, the graceful and the light!
His, also, was the diamond hid
  In roses, with his card attached,
Which on the next occasion did
  Salute thee brightly, thou unmatched!
And his, too, were the verses, writ
  On paper sweetly scented, tinted;
Which told in music he was *smit*,
  And at his soul's deep wishes hinted!
His, lastly, is the gilded barge,
  Twelve oared, and canopied in state,
Which touches now the shining marge,
  Bearing thee, Déesse, to the *fête!*
God bless thee, little archer boy!
  Wounded or healed, bliss or pain:
Willing to crown, or to destroy,
  We reverence thy reign!
Who fears thee? not the sorest heart
That rankling, bears within, thy dart;
The weeping eye, the throbbing breast,
The hopes thou, smiling, witherest;
The innocence, the ebbing life,
  The last, fond, still deluded sigh;
To thee, forgot the wrong, the strife,
  Clings trustingly!

How the happy moments fly,
Each one more deliciously;
How the many-colour'd light
In gay devices greets the sight;
How the flatterers are inspiring,
How the flatter'd are admiring;
How they dream that they no less
Are worship'd than thyself, Déesse!
How the fountains are a-flowing,
How the barges are a-rowing,
How the waiters are a-glowing,
How the ices are a-going,
And hark! there are the cocks a-crowing!

J. Courtnaye, hanging on thine arm,
Ev'ry sense to warm, to charm,
Is that divine one, La Déesse!
And thou art envied, thou may'st guess.

Ever bland, her smiles now blander,
Sweetly with him does she wander;
Farther, farther yet away
From the festive scene they stray;
Far from lamp or watching eye,
Save the heavenly ones on high;
Far from mirth or music's sound,
The conscious trees alone around;
From rivals far, and rivalry,
J. Courtnaye—thou art on thy knee!

"I love thee, lovely—loveliest—
  I own six houses in Broadway!
A fire—a flame is in my breast—
  I am distracted—rich I say!
Six houses!—Eighty thousand I've
  Got of my own—this throbbing heart—
It's true that *Pa* is yet alive,
  When gone I get the larger part!
Two hundred thousand—all on thee
  I'll settle—love distinction levels;
Distraction—thou divine one, be—
  Rapture! Mrs. J. Courtnaye Snevles!"

Hail mystery! we love thee well,
Thy presence hath a nameless spell;
Unseeing, thrice sought is the show,
Unshowing, wild the wish to know.
J. Courtnaye, what hath come of thee?
Echo says "what?" mysteriously.
But from the MIRROR of last week—
  And every week it brighter shines—
Conveying what we would not speak,
  We copy these mysterious lines:

THE BLASTED ONE!

By J. Courtnaye Snevles, Esq.

I.

Ashes art thou my blighted brain,
And burnt my blasted brow!
A thought of fire through ev'ry vein
Like blazes scorches now!
A riven wreck, upon the plain,
A ruin standest thou!

II.

They say that beauty is a mask,
That woman's words are wiles;
That any man should rather bask
In sulphur than her smiles,
And that the love he'd better ask
Of scaled crocodiles!

III.

Too true! howl on the desert wind,
Flare fearfully the flash;
Oblivion's gulf, I rush to find—
Dare fate pronounce me rash;
Tis here—one spring—Death, thou art kind,
Here goes at once—*slap dash!*

And hours and days are gliding on,
And thou, Dèesse, bewitching one,
In admiration's ardent blaze,
Unscorched, art passing hours and days.
It is not that thou can'st not love,
But where is that refined earth,
Celestial sympathy to move,
And love call into birth!
And days and hours are fleeting, and
The moon is in its *gibbous* state,
And does not rise, you understand,
Till late.
'Tis up, long after midnight, just,
That is, if the "Hall" clock is right—
And it we're bound of course to trust—
Three hours beyond the noon of night.
Dian, on roof, and spire, and dome,
Smiles sweetly from her azure home;
Her glorious domain above,
Where, mistress of the starry train,
Amid her court of light and love,
She rises, smiles, and sets again!
Yon vast hotel—throughout the pile,
Halls, galleries, and countless rooms;
One does not mark a taper's smile,
A window where a wick consumes,
And some uncounted hundred souls—
Infant to aged, black and white;
Thy sway, oh mystic sleep, controls
Quite.

Love, fame, and wealth, revenge perhaps,
(For, ah, there are such savage chaps;)
In varied shape invade their rests;
  Soothing or vexing—mystic dream,
  Of Heav'n or hell 'tis thine to seem,
  As brains with calm or care may teem,
      Or food digests!
One chamber—from on high, a ray
Delighted thitherward to stray,
And kissing all in silv'ry play,
  Peeps gaily through the open shutter;
Illumes a couch whereon there lies
A form for moonbeams made, not eyes;
Whose charms, but sylphs in rhapsodies
  Alone might utter!
A form—enough, a gentle form,
All nicely covered up, and warm,
Particularly so, as snug
As ever bug within a rug;
It being not too hot nor cold,
  Nor sultry airs, nor chilly creeping;
But "temperate," none need be told
  A night for sleeping.
And sleep she does—she smileth now,
  As if a seraph harp she heard!
And now a sigh—oh! ask ye how
  The leaves in Paradise are stir'd?
I'd say, the holy bowers of bliss,
When echoing an angel's kiss—
  For that they kiss we have inferr'd—
Are moved by sounds e'en such as this
  Upon my word!

She dreams, she smiles, she sighs, but what
  It's all about, we're left to guess;
Of one beloved—or may be not—
  Certain it is not of distress.
And now, upon her gentle side,
  She, restless, turns—disturbs the cover;
Which never in its whitest pride,
  A whiter neck has covered over!
She sighs! and hark! responsive to
  That faintly fleeting melody;
A strain of music echos through
  The chamber, sweetly, joyously!
She wakes,—she hears,—she lifts her head—
  She listens with a pleased surprise;
Is dream, or magic round her spread?
    She rubs her eyes!
Louder it rings—she *is* awake—
It must be so, and "no mistake;"
And now she turns the cover down,
  And out a rosy ankle slips;
And loose and lovely—do not frown—
  Across the floor she trips.
She's seated at the window, and
  She peeps through the half open "blind;"
And now, a strain, full, gushing, grand,
  Mounts on the morning wind!
Lord bless my soul! a serenade!
A genial tribute, gently paid;
But hark! what sudden sounds are these?
  The strain is broken off!—
Or "wind," or "string," their harmonies

Are hushed, the sweet "flute passages,"
  Or trombone's cough!—
And there are fifty instruments,
  And music desks, all ranged and lighted;
A gather'd crowd—and what prevents—
  What hath affrighted?
Discord! dark "wizard of the glen,"
  Thou of the "magic scarf," accursed,
Thy foulest caves, the souls of men,
  Thou'rt come to do thy worst!
Enough to urge thy fiercest ire,
That SHE is here, and men admire.
"Down with the fiddlers"—"Douce the glims"—
  "Smash—smash the fiddles," is the cry;
And sweet Déesse, thy peerless limbs
  'Scape not indignity:
"Hurrah for heels"—and "go it legs"—
Thus venom spits its poison'd dregs;
"Break up the benches"—"burn the books"—
  And "brass-blower"—and "catgut scraper;"
"D——d squally" the whole matter looks—
  "Douced" ev'ry taper!

And thou, J. Courtnaye Snevles, thou
Art there, spectator of the row.
What! art thou not the champion knight?
Defend'st thou not sweet beauty's right?
With soul of fire, and arm of might,
Mak'st thou not one amid the fight?
Alas, that we should say it, see!
With folded arms, all gloomily,

With pleased vengeance in his smile,
Remorse chok'd in his puff'd cigar ;
And glancing at yon "blind," the while,
He views the savage war.

But, gallant Muffins ! 'tis not thine
To idly stand, or e'en *back out ;*
"Vive la Déesse !"—"live the divine"—
In French and English hear him shout !
And, valiantly, with hooked cane,
His instrument he seeks to guard ;
A "grand piano"—borrow'd—vain—
The hate of hosts he cannot ward.
'Tis one of "Chickering's," and on
Two wheel-barrows, together lash'd,
'Twas brought to lend its sweetest tone—
It's smash'd !
"Bass," "double bass," and "first," and "second ;"
"Horn," "hautboy," "flute," and "clarionet ;"
"Drum," "trumpet," all, surprised, beset,
Bruised, broken by a foe unreckon'd ;
They flutter, falter—gods ! they fly—
Shouts the triumphant enemy :
The "watch," *in time to be too late,*
Pause at the cry—they hesitate—
And peeping the Park railings through,
And seeing the defeated crew,
As careful watchmen ever do,
They leave 'em to their fate.

"Down with the dandies"—cheer and cheer,
  "Uptown," triumphant, fills Broadway;
Down Barclay-street, in route and fear,
  Apollo rushes, all dismay!
Hold!—There is aid, ye flying ones!
  What music, valour could not do;
La danse! to conquer Discord's sons,
  Has been reserved for you!
Why pause the victors?—why is hushed
  The shout of rage, the cry of fear?
The madness to and fro that rushed—
  What hath transfixed it here?
Yon window—open thrown the "blind,"
What lovely vision floats behind—
The moon-beams on their radiant track,
With added brightness, throwing back!
'Tis she! and smiling, smiling still!
  And raised aloft her snowy arms;
A hush of rapture—a deep thrill
  Subdues the wild alarms!
Hark! a familiar, charming sound—
A deeper stillness falls around—
"*Crack!*" has an ear permitted been
  To hear, and ever to forget—
An Andalusian dream within—
  Thy spell, sweet castanet?
From katydid, or cricket's throat,
Ne'er came a more peculiar note
    We'll bet!
She waves her arms, and gracefully
Her head, her neck in harmony;

Her bosom, also, she is bending—
"*Crack!*" Hail *Cachucha*—maids of Spain!
Motion!—thee we pronounce again,
All else transcending!

J. Courtnaye Snevles! after all,
No triumph thine, to ease thy gall;
Discord! defeated, homeward crawl;
And see the spirit whom you hate,
By beauty, and by grace alone
Supported, on her rosy throne
Reign, lovely and elate!

Déesse, say, do you take the papers—
Or English do you read at all?
Heed ye the editorial capers
Which your delightful capers call?
Or, pocketing your "thousand" nightly—
Laden with roses and applause—
Say, sit ye down to supper lightly,
Your bosom ringing with hurrahs?
We don't know what you think of it,
But oft we've thought they serve you sadly,
As far from reason, ev'ry bit,
As they who rave about you madly.
You're a delightful creature, Fan!
With pearly teeth, and raven curls,
And stag-like bounds, and fairy twirls;
And fooling with such kind of girls
Upsets a man!

But, setting foolery aside,
  Fair one! how look you upon life—
Its flattery, abuse and pride;
  Its brief repose, its lengthen'd strife?
No woman ever more than thee,
From sweetly down to bitterly,
(We think,) hath tasted of its stream,
'Mid shadow, well as sunny beam;
Never unto a woman's lips
Hath offer'd been, more frequent sips
  Of that sweet mixture, admiration—
With slander's bowl, whence poison drips,
      Mingling damnation!

Déesse! you must have soul and heart;
  They speak in your unmatched grace:
E'en if in eyes where heav'n hath part,
  E'en if in your repose of face
We saw not a full share of either,
  We'd see it there—a certain case—
Nor questioned neither.
You've sensibility; and say—
  Is it offensive most, or funny,
The fulsome jingle of the day?
  Or doth the jingle of the money,
Incessant as it is around thee,
With its too potent spell confound thee?

We don't believe it!—coming are
  The hours when roses wan and wasted
Shall mock, however placed by care,
  The empty cup, too fondly tasted!

We don't believe but there are springs
  Within thee swelling, freely, purely,
And that affection's angel wings,
Checking the flight of darker things,
    Protect thee surely!

We don't believe a single word
  Which robs thee of a charm—believing,
And seldom, seldom have we err'd,
  Howe'er they talk about deceiving—
We don't believe but future hours
Will bear thee brighter, sweeter flowers;
Will bring thee still a golden store,
And of a purer, richer ore—
The treasure of a mind at rest!
  Our pray'rs are brief, as you may guess,
But brief and earnest, are the best;
And if such ones are ever blest,
    You're "all right," sweet Déesse!


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